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FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

I speak of the Early Time—a time when the world was utterly lonely and silent. As yet the forests of the Northland were unbroken save by the power of the tempest. For the axe of the woodman had not then sounded, nor was the oar of the Vikingir ever heard on the Northern Sea.

The Giant Nor lay in a vast cavern by the shores of the Baltic. And he felt the breath of the evening wind as it moved sadly and wearily among the mighty oaks; for it had come from the forest and bore upon its wings the mournful voices of the dark-green trees. And the voices spoke to the Giant father and said, Why are we thus neglected—among our branches no spirits dwell—no mortal sings our praise—unheeded and unloved we bloom and wither—and our lives are very short, for no hamadryads protect us who dwell here in the far Northland!

And the voices died away—but the Giant Nor was troubled in spirit at the wail of his loved ones.

From the depths of the far distant Blue, even from the outer courts of Asgard, the dwelling of the Deities, came the voice of the gentle Braga, the spirit of poesy, whose soft flowing words are as mead to Odin, the father of the Gods. And he said to Nor, "Thou art alone, but we will give thee a son who shall be as a father to the spirits which were born from the dark haired Asa. From the hills and forests—from the valleys and plains of the South, shall they come; and when they dwell in this Northland of thine they will be yet more beautiful than before. And the men who come after will call this race the Elfin, and their father the TEUTON.

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And it happened even as the gentle Braga had said. Northland was no longer desolate, but filled with the spirits of Faerie. Hill and dale, mountain and river, tree and fountain, had each its guardian spirit. Deep in the earth dwelt the gnome and kobold—far, far from the light of day they built themselves gold and silver halls lit up with ever gleaming carbuncles.

In the hard rock dwelt the Duergar and Dienez, who were thought in those days to be harder and sterner than the rocks themselves, while the rivers, lakes and fountains, were the fit dwelling places of Undines, Nymphs, Naiads, Melusina and Wasser elfen. But even in this soft and gentle element were found fierce and gloomy sprites termed kelpies, who delight in the trouble of mankind. So said the men of an early time. Heaven forbid that I should say aught against any of the dwellers in Faerie.

Yes, the Undines, like all the elementary spirits, are of a kind and gentle nature, living, loving and delighting in all good. Even such was that mild maiden so sweetly drawn by the gifted fairy annalist, La Motte Fouqué. Such a one too was the water damosell of the great magician Goethe,

Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht
Theilt sich der fluth empor;
Aus dem bewegten wasser rauscht
Ein feuchtes weib hervor.

In the element of fire dwelt the pure Salamanders and Saldini, who are, say the Rosicrucians, more beautiful and reserved than their relations of Air, Earth, and Water. Nearly allied to them are the familiar spirits, termed Penates, who are, according to Paracelsus, born of Fire and Air.

How shall I describe ye, oh beautiful Sylphs? Bright dwellers in the Ærial element. How can I tell the unutterable longing—the deep yearning with which my heart inclines to your celestial company? Whether ye revel in the rose-perfumed cloud, which at glowing dawn hangs over the golden gardens of Istamboul, or with your sister Peris wing your way, far, far above the sun painted rainbow and crimson gleaming flame of the western sky—still my heart follows and is ever with you. Yea, for Agla the

Fairest is in your band—Agla whom I have twice seen in nightly dreams.

It may be that some will look upon this old Northland legend of the birth of the Elfin, and of the four Elementary tribes, as trifling and obscure. And truly the followers of the gifted Plato, who are said to have learned many notable things relative to the dwellers in the Unseen, have given us another and more satisfactory account of their birth, which I, albeit my skill therein be but small, will set forth to the lovers of Faerie lore.

This outer world which is but the object of the invisible, is formed from matter, which in the beginning was harmonized into shape by the occult virtue of spiritual numbers. In the beginning the Triad was born from the Monad, as is declared by Proclus in his Scholia. "*Toto enim in mundo lucet Trinitas, cujus Unitas initium est.*" Hence it follows that in the generation of all phenomena, to every element and every principle, a perfect and peculiar number was allotted. Fire, Air and Water are derived from the Scalene triangle. A Cube is the figure peculiar to Earth, and Icosaedron of Water. At every intermixture of these elements, and consequently at every new creation therefrom, a new number is generated, representative of a new *IDEA* developed in the Monad.

The objective form of the numeral is changeable, and subject to annihilation. But the corresponding *IDEA*, as partaking of the nature of the primary Monad or Demiurgus is, in its essence, intelligent and also eternal. But when its duties are performed, it retains no longer a distinct personality, but is re-absorbed into the original element, and thus, though eternal, is to all intents annihilated.

Thus the four glorious companies of Elementary spirits are forever shut out from a share in those eternal joys allowed to man. And so it often happens, that the remembrance of this inspires them with wayward and wilful fits of that which in mortals we might term despair. And a misapprehension of the cause of this hath often caused men to confound them with the dwellers in the dark abyss.

Yet this is wrong, since they do God's will cheerfully.

If this remembrance of their final annihilation be awakened, they are not unfrequently hostile to man. Thus it

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Yet this is wrong, since they do God's will cheerfully.

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hath ever been accounted evil to meet them on a Friday.

"This is the day when the Fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the woodmaiden sighs to the moaning wind,
And the mermaiden weeps in her chrystal grot;
For this is the day when a deed was done,
In which they had neither part nor share.
For the children of clay was salvation wrought,
But not for the forms of earth and air,
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth their race on Friday morn."

But there is one way remaining by which the Elfin tribes may obtain this boon. If one of these spirits should wed a human being, then by the virtue of that passage in Holy Writ, which declares a married pair to be *one*, they may, by becoming mortal, attain to immortality. Thus declares the spirit-read Count Gabalis.

Beautiful Elves who dwell in the golden glories of the far land of light—must ye then stoop to the level of degraded mortality to attain, with the children of earth, those joys which spread broad and wide beyond the grave? And is it true (as the old Arabian declared,) that ye *do* dwell in this earth disguised as mortals? For he sayeth that here and there in this world, but few and far between, dwell the houris of Elf-land.

Oh thou who readest these dream-reveries, if ever among those gentle damosells, whose friendship or love has given many a golden hour to the weariness of life, thou hast seen *one*, (and more than *one* thou hast not seen,) whose every look, glance and smile seemed to tell of a higher and brighter land—whose thoughts and wishes ever aspiring to the Spiritual and Unseen, seemed to fix more and more indelibly upon her love the character of the Unattainable, then know that thou hast seen a true Spirit-maiden, even a veritable Elf.

Such a one have I seen daintily tripping it in the mazy windings of a rustic dance. The golden sunset shining on her through the dark green trees seemed striving to re-invest her with those Heaven-bright garments, which she had worn long—long ago in the Invisible Land.

And another saw I once at the dim twilight hour, reclined in a recess, with pensive brow and downcast eye-

lids. Mary, *ma belle*, wert thou dreaming of the gentle joys of the Elfin world?

But that race of Elf-land which is best known to the men of this world is the *Goblin*, otherwise termed the Dwarf or Gnome. In every age, and in every land, we find this strange sprite living in intimate connection with mortals, and choosing them as the proper objects of his capricious but kindly disposition. In Germany,

"That land of mystic, legendary learning,"

men call him the Kobold or Koboldinn, derived from the Norse "Gubbe," or old man, whence our word *Goblin*. In monkish latin, Gobelinus, while the Turks term him K'hubblick, or Göblick. Honest John Heywood, in his "Hierarchie," gives him several names.

"In John Milesius any man may read
Of divels in Sarmatia honoured,
Call'd KOTRI or KOBALDI, such as we
PUGS and HOBGOBLINS call; their dwellings be
In corners of old houses least frequented,
Or beneath stacks of wood: and these convented
Make fearful noise in buttries and in dairies,
Robin Goodfellow some, some call them Fairies."

In Faerie land, where he acts as mome or court jester they term him Puck, which is derived from the Norse *spog* or *spogelse*, signifying a merry jest or joke. The German *Spuk*, signifying any apparition whatever, is evidently of the same origin.

This wanton sprite (whatever his name be,) hath for ages haunted the household hearths of merrie England. There he was wont whilome to aid his host in the fulfilment of his rustic duties. Often has the sturdy yeoman, rising at early dawn, blessed and sained himself in pure surprise to find that his goblin guest had been before him with a labour of love,—do you doubt it? Has not John Milton himself told us how

"the drudging *GoNin* sweet
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flae had threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down, the lubbar fend,
And stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength."

How did the monkish chroniclers dare to confound this jolly little Red-Cap, Puck, Robin Goodfellow, Hoodkin, Kobold, Pelz, Nickel, K'hubblick, Sprattle, Duende, Nissegodreng, or whatever else his name be—how did they dare, I ask, to confound him with that villain Satan? Did they suppose that with such a list of aliases he must needs be a knave? Did they believe that his want of moral principles corresponded to his diminutive stature? Did they think, the corpulent knaves, that because he occasionally filched a venison pasty from their larders, that he was related to the arch thief? A faerie malison upon them! But Puck hath humorously revenged himself upon the monkish compiler of the "*Veredica Relatio de Demonio Puck*," by always appearing in Spain under the guise of a monk. Thus in Calderon's Comedy of "*La Dama Duende*," the gracioso or clown, maintains that he appeared in the shape of a little friar.

Era un Frayle
tamanito y tenia puesto
un cucurucho tamano
que por estas senas creo
que era duende capuchino.

CARLOS.

By. Stevenson
"What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more."

EVERY sound or accent which loads the gale, brings with it harmonious, or discordant notes; and the feelings with which we hear those notes, and the impressions which they leave on our hearts and minds, are in unison with the circumstances under which we listen to them, and the causes from which they proceed. The trumpet of the warrior, the roll of the drum, and shrill note of the fife, excite within us bold and valorous emotions; the clang of armour, and champing of the war-steed are musical sounds to the soldier's ear, whilst they strike fear to the heart of the coward. The loud pealing of the distant thunder, as

it looms through the vaults of heaven, and the roaring of enraged winds fill us with awe, and teach us the true and solemn lesson that there is a God, who rules the elements. We do not suppose that there are any persons possessed with the sense of hearing, who are insensible to sounds such as those, or of any other sort; even the country youth, who has never travelled beyond the limits of the hills which surround him, and has never seen the gaudy pageantry of an army, nor heard the spirit-stirring notes of its band, no sooner hears the hunter's horn on the mountain's brow, than he darts off to join the followers of the chase; and when the deer is roused from his "heathery couch" by the hounds and horns of his pursuers, he sends forth his own wild note of view-halloo to be echoed back in gladness by the woods and glens around him. But all sounds which load the gale, do not create within us the same enlivening feelings as the warrior's trumpet or huntsman's horn; with what a different effect does the "female wail" fall upon our ears, as the "funeral yell" is borne on the breeze; if there is one sound more woeful than another, we think it is that of the *Ulican* sung by a company of females at wakes and funerals. The author from whom we quoted the lines with which we commenced this subject, says that "the Coronach of the Highlanders, like the *Ululatus* of the Romans, and the *Ulaloo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend." The custom of *Keening* for the dead in Ireland, is as "old as the hills." When the practice commenced in Scotland, the "Wizard of the North" does not inform us; but there is no doubt of its existence from a very early period, as the habit is very often alluded to by ancient writers; *Hidallan* is denounced in the following language by *Comala*, when he brought to her the news that her hero had fallen in battle, "Confusion pursue thee over thy plains! Ruin overtake thee, thou king of the world! Few be thy steps to thy grave; and let one virgin mourn thee." Thus implying that it was customary for a number of virgins to lament over the dead in the days to which the ancient Highland bard refers. But the pipes, of later date, have supplied the place which the "female wail" occupied at

funerals. In the days of Bruce we hear of the sorrowing islesmen bewailing the murdered Allen with the pibroch's sound, as they bore along his body,

"At every pause with dismal shout,
Their Coronach of grief rung out,
And ever, where they moved again,
The pipes resumed their clamorous strain,
And, with the pibroch's shrilling wail,
Mourned the young heir of Donagaile."

As in Scotland the melancholy song of the mountain-
maids has been superseded by the bagpipes of the High-
landers, so in Ireland has the Keening of the young and
blue eyed maidens, been superseded by the wild and slow
wailings of the aged, and professional crones. Amongst
these there is always a mistress of ceremonies, one who
strikes the key notes of lamentation, and after she has hit
upon the right pitch, she is joined by the whole choir of
mourners. It is wonderful to hear with what adroitness,
these old dames can collect and relate every action of the
deceased over whom they are hired to cry, with as much
seeming grief as if they were lamenting over the body of
their dearest relation. If they are engaged to mourn at
the wake of a young female; after describing the pureness of
her virtue, and the loveliness of her eyes; they then ask
her several questions, such as they think will please the be-
reaved, but superstitious parents: "Had you not the *dar-
lint* father and tender mother? Were you not the delight
of their eyes, and the pulse of their heart? Were you not
beloved by the whole country round? Then, Och, darlint
dear, why did you die?" And *phillelew*, darlint dear
why did you die, is resounded through the whole house;
during the time these questions are being addressed to the
deceased, the old Keeners are all the while rocking their
bodies to and fro and clapping their hands, and to all ap-
pearance in the greatest paroxysm of grief. The ques-
tions which they ask young men are varied according as
were their characters and actions; all their deeds which
have the least hue of charity, virtue, or heroism about
them, are sung as acts sufficient to procure for them an
entrance into heaven without the aid of mass or prayers;
yea, even their faction fights at fairs and wakes, are rela-

ted as if they were actions which surpassed in valour the exploits of the most renowned heroes. An attempt to murder a tithe procter, drown a guager, hang a bailiff, or shoot a sheriff—would be celebrated as a valorous deed, which was never known to be equalled by the bravest heroes of the revolutionary war; in fine, every unlawful proceeding in which the deceased took part during his life, that can be called to memory by the singers of the *Ulican*, is narrated over his corpse with as much earnestness and zeal, as if they were so many Celtic Bards bewailing over the body of a fellow Fingal.

The object for which the Keeners are employed at wakes, is to recite such things concerning the departed as will not only please the bereaved relations, but also give some amusement to "*the boys who travelled so far to be present at the sport*;" to do this all the tact of the leader is called into operation; but here she is quite at home; her powers of invention are great; she views the customers she has to please with an eye of a general; she knows the character of each and every individual before her, and what particular exploit of the deceased is most likely to give them satisfaction, and this she relates in her ablest style, which generally draws forth some remark of praise upon her cleverness, as "isn't she the grand Keener all out." Knowing that her success, like that of a concert singer's, depends on the impression which she leaves on the audience, she is always stored with a plentiful supply of legendary lore to rehearse to the audience when she thinks they are growing wearied with her wailing. But neither the manoeuvres of the most cunning Keener, nor the solemn sight of the dead are sufficient to keep down the evil passions in the hearts of those who assemble on such occasions, when once the intoxicating draught becomes visible. As in former times the chieftain's hall became bereft of the arms which hung on its walls, on the approach of a foe being announced to its lord, by the watchful warder, so do the walls of the wake house become bereft of the black-thorn as soon as the gathering storm of battle is foreseen.

No Hibernian who frequents wakes ever thinks of going to one without a shilela; and if he has not this appendage himself, he will beg, borrow, or steal it, for as

sure as he goes to a wake, he expects to have a fight : that is his delight ; " bello gaudentes ; " " prelio ridentes . "

" Laughing while fighting ;
In ruction delighting . "

Yes, he grimly smiles in the joy of battles ; nor would he think it a *decent* wake if he had not an opportunity of showing how neatly he could handle the *twig*. What a scene does the house in which a wake is held present to the eye of a stranger, who visits it with the expectation of finding its inmates convulsed with grief, and their cheeks bedewed with tears ; when instead of these tokens of sadness, his ears are saluted with the loud laugh and rude joke of the rough assembly, who are vieing with each other who can tell the strangest tale ; and was it not that he perceives in one corner of the room the table,* under which which lies stretched the corpse of the deceased, and around which sit the Keeners, from whom at intervals proceed the song of lamentation, he might imagine—from the plentiness of the " poteen " and the visible effects of it on the wild personages around him—that he had mistaken the house and arrived in a den amongst a set of smugglers who were making merry over the cups of their unlawful distillation. It is not until the effects of these cups begin to operate that the scene reaches its climax ; then the gathering storm of strife breaks forth in thunder ; opposing eyes flash defiance : the shilela is grasped with a double tightness, the leather thong which secures it to the wrist of its owner gets an extra twist ; the threatening arm is extended ; each faction forms around its leader ; the shouts of the men mingle with the wail of the women, as quick and heavy the blows descend, and the wild confusion rings far and wide ; soon, however, the walls become sprinkled with blood, and some one more timid and sober than the others hurries away for the priest ; when he arrives he soon puts an end to the battle, by laying about him lustily with his whip on the shoulders of the combatants ; nor is the blows of " his reverence " resented, on the contrary the peace-breakers flee before their chastiser, like so many schoolboys before an incensed pedagogue. The flight of the beligerents ends the *sport*.

* The peasantry in the south and west of Ireland are waked under a table.

The wake of a Roman Catholic peasant is not more characteristic in its nature, than is his funeral; all the persons, who assembled on the former occasion now meet together to assist in carrying his body to its "long home." Although the bruised head, and swelled face are

"Confirmations, strong as proofs from holy writ,"

of the preceding night's contest, yet there is no hatred now existing between those who so late were foes; the hands which so lately grasped the cudgel, now clasp that of their opponents in friendship; the past strife is looked upon as a thing which could not have been avoided; and as harmoniously as a band of brothers they join in procession to carry the remains of their fellow mortal to the "narrow house from whose bourne no traveller returns." The funeral is really picturesque, when viewed from a distance, and well calculated to impress on our minds, the truth that we are all frail and perishable beings, hastening towards the close of our earthly career, soon to stand at the bar of Almighty God, there to render an account of the deeds done here below. Notwithstanding, there is neither pride nor pomp attending the peasant's funeral, nor hearse with sable plumes, nor pall bearers; still it is more impressive to behold these humble individuals bearing along on their shoulders in the stillness of an evening, the body of their departed friend, with the women raising their hands above their heads in the untaught actions of grief, and sending forth their heart-chilling cry on our ears—to witness this is more impressive than the sight of all the pride and show which are exhibited at the funerals of the rich. But we must confess there is also something ludicrous to be seen at an Irish peasant's funeral. As it proceeds its numbers increase; its approach to a cabin or village is made known by a wild burst of the *Ulican*, and this calls forth fresh attendants; just as the music of a marching regiment draws crowds of idlers to accompany the soldiers a short distance on their route; so does the Keening of the females gather numbers to follow them a short space to hear the wail; frequently they are joined by those, who are altogether ignorant of the name of the deceased, yet they enter into the spirit of mourning with as much earnestness as the Keeners. On the return of such characters as

these, they may be heard to ask each other, "Arrah who is it that's dead? Who are we crying for at all, at all?" And the answer will be, "Myself can't tell whose dead, but isn't it the great *berrin* intirely." When the funeral arrives at the grave yard it is joined by the priest, who after taking up a collection to pay for a few masses to be said *for the repose of the soul*, performs the rites of his church, and the coffin is lowered into the tomb; the grave filled up, and covered with fresh cut sods, which is called,

"Putting the daisy quilt over him."

As the grave closes, so closes our account of an Irish wake and funeral. Although there is no exaggeration in any thing we have stated, we are glad to add for the sake of "Erin's Sons," that such scenes are only to be found among the lower class of Roman Catholics; and even among those, we trust the day is not far distant when they shall altogether fall into disuse.

GLENGARIFF.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

In writing the history of one's own life, there is a wide door thrown open for invidious remarks. It is so difficult to convince the world that your motives are purely disinterested, that I hesitated a considerable time, before I determined that I would expose myself to its sarcastic insinuations. But patriotism finally triumphed over self love, and I determined, that let a few envious and evil disposed persons say what they would, I would not be deterred from contributing my small share to the general stock of knowledge; and elevating if possible the literature of my native country.

Though I am myself an humble individual, I am descended from an ancient and very illustrious stock. I have myself no doubt but my remotest ancestors were in the ark with Noah. Though of this there are no family records; but a clearly connected chain of tradition, backed by the most reasonable circumstantial evidence, I deem sufficient proof of the fact.

As a family we have spread extensively, and at different times occupied vast portions of the surface of the earth. In Egypt, in many of the Mediterranean Islands, and along the shores of the Caspian, we multiplied exceedingly. And we were invariably the uncompromising friends of the common people; yet great kings have made flattering mention of us, and charged their subjects to be assiduous in cultivating our acquaintance. At the present time we inhabit every civilized country on the earth, and are in high favor with all classes of people. My immediate ancestors possessed no immunities or privileges which particularly distinguished them; and indeed it has long been a governing principle with our family, to be, if possible, on terms of the most perfect equality amongst ourselves.

I have no doubt that I should have grown up to maturity, and in the end have slept with my fathers, unnoticed and unknown, but for circumstances which I will now relate, as eloquently as I can, and as briefly as may be possible, to be consistent with truth. Merely remarking here as I pass along, that my own case has fully convinced me that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flow, leads on to fortune."

That branch of our family from which I have sprung, migrated to England many centuries ago, from some of the southern provinces of the Roman Empire. From which one, I am very sorry to say, I have not now the means of knowing; or whether they came over under the protection of Julius Cæsar at his first invasion. The settlement of these two points would, I know, add greatly to the interest of my narrative. But after all the patient investigation I have been able to give to the subject, in digesting and comparing the various conflicting authorities, I can arrive at no certain conclusion; and I am unwilling, in a case of so much importance, to give my own opinion. But, be this as it may, we thrived in England, and were prosperous and happy many hundreds of years. At length curiosity, as I suppose, induced us to migrate to the great unknown western world; and in the early part of the seventeenth century we came over in the *May Flower*. Other branches of our family had however previously visited America, and settled in various places. We have a

great many traditional stories handed down from father to son, about those stern old Puritans with whom we came over from the old country. But as many things have been said of them in praise and censure which are not true, I will not mention them, lest some cross-grained person should on this account impeach the veracity of this history; than which, nothing could give me greater sorrow.

From the landing of the Pilgrims many generations passed away, before it was our good fortune to become permanently located where my fathers now rest. And again here, I can give no dates. Because, west the Alleghanes, and especially "far west" of them, where the grandeur, sublimity and beauty of nature are blended together in such lovely freshness, that it seems but yesterday's handy work of the great Creator, days, months, and even years pass by unnoticed.

It was late in the month of October, 18— when I first sprang into being. I came into existence in the night, and for several hours I did not know that I did exist, but the rising sun made me conscious that I was a living principle. I looked round me for a long time in wondering astonishment. I found myself in the midst of a small enclosure, and on all sides surrounded with a dense forest, deeply tinged with red and yellow leaves. I do not know why, but as the day advanced with brighter and warmer glories, I felt humble, and bowed my head and worshipped until the going down of the sun. Thus I lived. The sun went farther and farther towards the south, and rose later in the morning, and went earlier to bed; and the night winds chilled me to the heart. One night a light fleecy drapery fell on me from heaven, but at noon-day it melted to cold ice-water round my feet; but next night I felt a heavier mantle cast over me, and under this I slept pleasantly and securely for several months. Without it I must certainly have perished. But when the bright spring months returned, I increased in stature with exceeding rapidity; pleased with myself, and with every thing around me.

I was not yet completely grown when one morning just after the early dawn, I saw a young girl coming towards me singing in a rich bird-like voice some wild wood-land song. Her step was as light and free as the young fawn's,

and the birds themselves seemed less joyous than she did. Her dress was simple but chaste; her hair was unconfined, and waived luxuriantly in the morning breeze. Her feet, which were small and very beautiful, were bare and unrestrained, and were wet with dew. In person she was slender, but full; with eyes of a clear liquid hazle. I was completely fascinated. She stood and looked at me some time, and then gathered me up in her arms and tripped off gaily home. This was unmingled happiness. When she came to the house she arranged me and re-arranged me; she turned me over and over and assorted and re-assorted me; and at last plaited me all up into one long queer looking narrow strip. I was filled with wonder at the transformations I was undergoing. After she had done this, she commenced stitching me together in a circular form, one ring after another; and after she had proceeded some time in this way, she rose from her seat, and reached down from a shelf a spherical-top-shaped block of wood, and commenced giving me what she called my "proper shape." And so she worked on, sometimes laughing, and sometimes singing, and sometimes I thought I heard her sighing. At length I came out from beneath her hands, a Hat—a finished Straw Hat. At that moment I had the strangest feelings I ever had before in all my life. But when she picked me up and placed me on her own head, and stepped across the room to a small glass which was hanging against the wall, I thought I should have died laughing at the sight of her sweet face, and bright eyes, and my grotesque appearance, seated away up on the top of her head. She laughed right merrily herself, and then removed me, and laid me to one side.

With a girl-like simplicity I have never seen save in the west, she trafficked me off the next day for some small gewgaw, and then I thought my glory had departed forever, for I was very uncereemoniously tossed under the counter amongst many others of my own species. But my singular shape secured me distinction; for I thus attracted the attention of a student of an eastern college of much celebrity, who was at home spending his vacation. He picked me up and clapped me on his head, and then took me off, and turned me round in his hand, and then put me on again. I saw he was evidently pleased with me; and from that time

we were sworn friends. We rode together,—sometimes in such a helter-skelter manner through the woods, that I had great fears that the fate of the goodly young man Absalom, would be mine, or at least his,—we visited together, and went together to church. In travelling we were never separated; we were sprinkled with spray beneath the Falls of Niagara; and we promenaded Broadway in a conspicuous manner. A charming little Miss in the “city of brotherly love,” placed me on her head, looked confused, and said I was “such a queer looking Hat.” Strangers busied themselves conjecturing where we came from. Some thought we were from the South; and some from Arkansas, or from Missouri; but we never gratified the curiosity of any one.

When his College friends saw me, many of them claimed the honour of my company; and with singular generosity, he immediately relinquished all exclusive right to me; and gave a clear permission to any one to detain me when they could do so by honest pilfering. Since then I have passed through many hands, and been privy to many secret thoughts. And you would be surprised if I should tell you how many mutterings of discontent I have heard; how many ambitious whispers; how many secret resolves to be witty and sarcastic; how many sighs after absent fair ones, and innumerable other things of this kind. I have lived long for one of my kind; but I am now old and almost worn out. I scarcely expect to survive the coming winter; and if I do I shall be but a useless relic, as a link in the associations of the present and the “dear, dear past.” Farewell!

SONNET—AUTUMN. *By H. Mayr*

I.

The Summer months have hurried by;
 More gaily robed the woods appear;
 Leaves falling, whisper “Autumn’s near;”
 And mourning Nature breathes a sigh,
 And grieves to see her loved ones die.

The teeming fields that were so fair,
 No more their golden treasure bear,
 But, all unlovely, prostrate lie.
 The flowers that drank the dews of morn,
 And in return, their fragrance gave, are gone.
 And Nature all disconsolate,
 And comfortless, for them will mourn,
 And wrap herself in icy state,
 And grieve until the balmy spring be born.

II.

Yet Oh ! how like a shadowy dream of Heaven,
 Come back those memories of the past—
 Of happier hours, too beautiful to last ;
 When rose a mother's prayer that we might be forgiven,
 Or breathed a sister's love upon the soul now driven,
 A shattered wreck the sport of every blast—
 Upon the stormy sea of passion cast,
 And shipwrecked every hope, each feeling riven.
 They struggle on the mind like the last ray,
 The sun, in dying splendour set,
 Sheds to remind us we should not forget,
 How bright he was before he passed away,
 Nor waste our energies in vain regret,
 That he could not with us forever stay.

B. X.

INDIVIDUALISM.

By W. Baker

THE Egyptians represented ¹ Hermes as girdled by a burning belt. This hieroglyphic may aptly be interpreted to mean that stern individuality of character, which distinguishes the really great from those by whom they are surrounded. Generally speaking it is strange, nay, to one who rightly considers it, it is absolutely wonderful, how entirely each individual is absorbed in the mass of his fellow beings. The multitude cling to one another, and adhere together in a compact whole, in a united body, which is animated by as united a soul. The social principle deeply implanted in the breast, is the magnet which attracts them from all sides into a central nucleus ; consanguinity and friendship is the cement which causes their firm cohesion, and Law is the broad iron band which sur-

rounding the whole, binds it into a solid one. The people of a country, multitudinous in number, and infinitely diversified in character and disposition, combine like minute particles to form that huge being, the nation; in whose giant arm their unnumbered arms unite to strike, and through whose lips their many voices joined pours forth in a thunder-tone. Such an union is natural; it is also natural that each one of the multitude should love his distinct personality to a great degree; almost totally. Born and educated a part of a country, each individual fulfils, instinctively as it were, his little duty; adds his little mite of strength to the general power; fills up his little station, and in due time dies, giving place to a like successor.

Sympathy is the grand cause of united feeling and action. Originating in some one heart, it spreads with the rapidity of lightning from soul to soul; from a small source it gushes over the whole multitude, and produces an identical effect throughout. No sympathy is more powerful than religious. This accounts then for the fact that the religious principles and rites of the mass, are to a great degree as decidedly the principles and rites of each one distinctively, as if he had by personal investigation arrived at the knowledge of such facts; and had them impressed on his heart in consequence, as the rule of his conscience and conduct. Each of the multitude raises his voice to swell the national anthem of religious worship as loudly, as if he had received personally a manifestation of the will of the Deity, as to the proper mode of veneration; not as if he united in it merely because it was a national belief. This personal fervency is, to a certain degree, utterly hollow, and only an exterior act, resulting from a sympathetic union in the act of the surrounding mass. Still more so is this the case of the individual in his relation to the laws of his country. Each on coming to the use of his understanding, finds himself possessed of inclinations to act in a manner which is forbidden by the statutes of the land. He finds himself liable to the sentence of a judge, and to consequent disgrace, it may be to death. Many considerations, and chiefly fear of the penalty attached, prevents perchance his transgression of these laws. Awed down therefore by the imposing sys-

tem of the Law, he yields, as a matter of course, obedience; nay, he aids, it may be, in enforcing them upon others, apparently with as much zeal as if they were firmly built maxims, produced by deep study and investigation on his own part, into the mysteries of the human heart, its waywardness, and the best means of restraining it within just bounds.

But there is a Despotism of the mass beneath which the individual groans; it is the universal tyranny of opinion. Arising often from a contemptible origin, this mania spreads rapidly; whether it be manifested in aversion, or love of some particular object. The individual joins his voice to that of the mob, as they pursue with contumely the victim of the popular opinion. With them he casts up his cap and causes the welkin to ring with the applause which greets the object of popular favour. In either case this is done without perhaps the least personal consideration whether the persecuted wretch really deserves the ban under which he suffers, or the favourite the noisy distinction heaped upon him. When thus a popular opinion is zealously held, reason certainly requires that individual inquiry and examination should sanction it. This however is rarely the case, and few are there who, conscious of the falsehood of the popular belief, can stand unmoved amid the torrent of general enthusiasm that foams and roars around them. It requires strength of mind to stand boldly and firmly erect upon the deductions of personal inquiry, when the persuasion of the multitude is zealously different. In such a case even a Gallileo had to bend to the storm. No, each are in strict submission to prevalent opinion, regulates his life and conduct thereby, even in minute particulars. The object voted evil is carefully avoided, that voted its opposite is as hotly pursued, as warmly embraced, and as tenaciously clung to, as if while actual collision with the former had proved its hurtful character, personal trial of all other objects had proved the latter only worthy of affection. Thus often is it the case that the individual neglecting to work out conclusions for himself, and trusting implicitly in those wrought out before his birth, is swept away, an undistinguished drop in the wide torrent. This avoidance of personal labour in elaborating truths, this want of personal experience in

embracing the apparent good, and in shunning the apparent evil, this neglect of slowly and carefully forming opinions, and in consequence this readiness in embracing those before made, creating as it does an aversion to, or timidity in individual deductions, and love of building on those already deducted, is the cause why each one is so completely absorbed in the common mass, and why the ascension of one above the stagnant level is so rare. The discoverer of a truth has a double labour to perform; not only to exalt this truth to its proper station, but also first to cast down the idolized falsehood which previously filled that station; he has not only to stem the current of popular belief, but also to turn it into another channel.

There are it is true eccentric characters that differing from the multitude, occasionally dart with loud noise and wide glare from the common orbit. They possess individuality, and make a pompous display of it. They, however, are distinguished from the common herd, because vested in the showy tinsel of absurd singularity; they do differ from their fellows, but it is by reason of the pampered overgrowth of some trifle, otherwise unnoticed. With this method of obtaining individuality we have nothing to do. It is with that bold, unfettered use of innate faculties in the investigation of truth; it is with a fearless declaration of that truth when arrived at, even if it be the direct reverse of the received opinion, that we would speak of.

Each one has within himself as much the faculty of making laws for his own government, as have the authors of laws for the government of the multitude.

All government is poised upon the three great principles, fear, interest and virtue. The power of these principles in creating and sustaining exertion in the pursuit of proper ends; their adaptation in restraining wayward tendencies; in fact their action and re-action in the machinery of government is accurately calculated upon. Wherever these principles exist, Law can also by proper adaptation be made to exert its necessary effects. Now each individual has within himself these principles; experience has also given him a wisdom to construct a system of rules suited to his own peculiar case. He knows from past events, in what he is most like to err; upon this distinct

tendency he knows that a restraint should be laid. In a word, from a knowledge of himself, he is better acquainted with the peculiar system of rule adapted to his own case, than the wisest lawgiver who regards him merely as one of the mass. What prevents then his assuming the government of himself, and entirely apart from all exterior rule, exerting over himself the necessary sovereignty.

For the great part no laws are submitted to so little by reason of their inherent authority, ascertained by personal investigation, as those of religion. None approach each one as an individual so closely; none are so intimately adapted to his every action; none demand so justly his obedience. Born under an hierarchy, no one should for that cause submit to it, without exerting the faculties he possesses in the investigation of its claims to dominion over him. The existence of a Superior Being is the soul of every system of religious government. There is then an unspeakable absurdity in submission to a hierarchy, when the Superior Being upon whom the whole fabric depends is but a creature of the imagination. The slavery of a worshipper of Jove is rendered doubly debased by the fact that the master whom he adored was an unreal phantom. A serious examination of the truth, or falsehood of the national belief is indispensable to every one who would rely rather on personal reasoning than the mere opinion of those around. Let then each individual apply to this task his own powers; let him exert these powers in the proper manner, and he will ascend to a firm belief in the existence of the true God. His faith will, by this process, burst forth from the chrysalis of that inane impression of a Superior Existence which before shrouded it, into strong, soaring life. The mere mob, who as the age they live in, worship either a Saturn or an Isis, will grope in the dust far beneath him. His obedience will not consist in heartless propriety of conduct, extorted from him by custom, but an intelligent rendering unto the Creator of that which is manifestly his due. His worship will not be a particular service, frozen into an exact similarity to that of his neighbors, but rather pure incense ever ascending from a glowing heart. Thus would the individual arise from mere acquiescence, to ardent faith; a faith founded on personal experience, daily increasing and

illuminating the soul, till it becomes almost an immediate revelation of that Deity from whom it richly flows. He would, to a degree, exult in that feeling which rushed upon the prophets of old, when with soul dilating with the presence of divinity, they poured forth to the awe-struck multitude of the fulness within. In this manner will an individuality be manifested, in that in which it is most necessary it should be. He who aspires to it, will first have to extricate himself from the current of popular opinion; the creed of the mass will have to pass under his thorough examination; an examination which will be undertaken, at once with impartiality and humility; impartiality, because he, divested of all prejudices, searches for the pure truth, wherever it exists; humility, because he who enters upon such a labour, will find how much has to be done, and how little power has he, unaided, to perform it.

Every one finds himself, on coming to the use of reason, under the dominion of laws. Within him, as has been said, exists all the principles upon which these laws are based. Within him there also exists a sense of right and wrong, which acts as a judge upon his actions. Remorse attends, like an unpitied executioner, upon this stern tribunal; stern, because unlike those without it can never be bribed. At this tribunal he can try himself by laws framed from experience, from self-knowledge; laws intimately adapted to his peculiar case. By this tribunal his actions, nay, his thoughts as they arise from the recesses of the mind undergo a rigid scrutiny; by it he is condemned or acquitted; if condemned, the power of remorse, whose scorpion-scourge lacerates the soul, with wounds far more painful than those which may tear his body without, will visit him with meet punishment; if acquitted, the still, small voice whispers his innocence in murmurs, far more precious than the thundered applause of a fallible world.

Although possessing these inherent powers, few pay to them that obedience which is given to outward law. Absorbed in the mass, their applause is sought with eagerness; their censure is avoided with trembling, while the voice within dies away unheard. They, then, who yield themselves to the sway of the multitude; who fall prostrate with it before whatever golden calf is by chance ex-

alted, are guilty of careless ignorance of the truth, or of fearful yielding to that which they know to be false.

Should an individual, on the contrary, separate himself from the mass by serious consideration of the falsehood of any popular opinion they may hold; should he prefer the purer and more intelligent worship of the Deity which results from personal investigation of his claims, to a mere apparent union in a national act of adoration; should he, while yielding all due obedience to outward laws and government, cultivate, nevertheless, a stricter and more effective government within, over himself, he will stand erect among his fellows, bound to them in friendship and love, but yet maintaining a perfect system in his own breast, both civil and religious. Such an one will stand as alone, as if he were the only one in being; containing within himself, in full action, all those principles, of which the great institutions of society are but expansions.

If however the exterior rule be a despotism; be a system in collision with that established by his Maker within, the man must, as the good and the great have in all times done, arise and cast down from over him the power which interior reason teaches him is unjust.

What then would be the effect of such an individualism, if it may be so called, on the man himself? He would cease being a mere particle of the mass, from being a mere atom in that sea which is ever heaved about hither, or thither, as interest or custom impells. He would not be innocent only when beneath the eye of the law, but always; since wherever he goes he is still beneath self-government. What would be the effect of such an individualism on the multitude? They would then be a multitude, each of whom submitted to higher and nobler laws than those which are over them in common. Interior Rule would supplant the Exterior, which, with its cumbersome appendages of Court Houses, Prisons, Judges, and Executors, would be swept as useless things from existence.

McROBERT.

THE AUDIBLE DELIGHTS OF LIFE.

"*Bien espérer axéai.*"—*Medea.*

OF the five senses with which man is endowed, each has peculiar gratifications. These gratifications are so numerous, so interwoven with, and dependent on each other, that it were difficult to determine which of the senses has the greatest share of them, or which possesses those which afford most delight.

Addison would have us believe our sight the most delightful of all our senses; and in order so to convince us, he enters into a laboured investigation of the thoughts suggested by the objects presented to each sense, and the ideas derived from their presentation. Now, it is with extreme reluctance that we find ourselves compelled to differ with our favourite author, and that too in one of his most beautiful essays; indeed we should not presume to do so, were it not for the consideration that Addison had not that experience to direct him, which, in this later day, we possess. Addison was an Englishman, a student of Oxford. He never knew the pleasures of Nassau's "free and independent" sons. No cry of "Heads out" ever saluted his ear. Never did he pause from his soul absorbing pursuits to listen to the sweet notes of "Daniel Tucker" or "Dandy James," as they melted away in mournful cadence on the evening breeze. He never heard the hoarse bellows-tones of the honest Jack Ass' bray echoing from the flowery banks of the "raging Kanawl," which meanders through the vales of Princeton, like the waters of the Isis amid the classic groves of Oxford. Neither did the *owl*ingale, when all nature was hushed in deep repose, forsake his *oraculum* and come forth to soothe his troubled spirit with voice melodious; nor was he ever aroused from his midnight reverie, when the dim lamp burned low, at the wild battle shout of canine armies marshalled on the Campus, as they advanced to mortal combat.

These are pleasures which no Addison ever felt, which the Princetonian alone—favoured of the Muses—can appreciate—these are the student's *Bien espérer axéai.*

What power equals that of music? The wild song of the lark as she mounts homewards—the sad cooing of the

dove, mourning her absent love, on the branch of a tree above; the murmuring of the waterfall; these give a charm oft-times to the poet's numbers. But, my dear reader, did you never wander by a frog-pond at evening's dusk, and listen to the amphibious orchestra? There is a majesty in its sonorous bass unsurpassed by the organ's thunder-peal, a sweetness in its dulcet soprano unequalled by the most exquisite trills of the lady amateur.

Or did you never sit at twilight of an autumn's eve, on some old fence, and as the gentle dew began to distil around, give ear to the song of the cricket and katy-did—or never as you strolled along the shady banks of our smoothly flowing *Cephus*, and skimmed the elliptical pebbles over its glassy surface, listen to the boatman as he would wind his long tin horn? or have you never, as you wandered by the open door of the artizan, been charmed with the music of the file playing Yankee Doodle on the edge of a rusty saw? And at such times, in these your “better moments,” when wrapt in meditative silence, or overcome through sheer laziness, have you not been led, from the fullness of your heart, to exclaim, in the language of poetic inspiration,

“Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast.”

These are but another class of the *βίον ἡμετέριον ἀκούει*.

But is your soul destitute of these finer sensibilities, do you remain unmoved when frogs, crickets, tin horns and saws combine in exquisite harmony to open the fountains of feeling? Enter, then, that hall where even-handed Justice sits enthroned and hear the pathetic appeal in behalf of a widowed mother. Hear the mighty orator, while holding the infant child before his auditors, ask the child “Why weepest thou?” and tell me, ye hearts of steel, will ye not yield your contest to the infinite superiority of the power of eloquence at the reply—“He pinched me.”

Or, if the forum has no delights for you, come with me to yonder grove and listen to the more refined elegancies of the *stump*. The patriot is there—our country is his theme. In its defence he is ready to shed his heart's *last* blood—never the *first* drop:—to secure to the dear people their precious rights, the denunciations of tyrants shall not intimidate, nor the threats of factious demagogues dismay

him. Hear him as the subject warms within him, eager to escape—"The American Eagle,—proud Freedom's mountain bird! His lofty flight, on soaring pinions wet by the dewy morn shall upward tend, till, in the noontide effulgence of the god of day, he enkindles with unwonted fire his mighty energies and drinks in new vigour from his undazzling emanations! The Genius of Liberty! long shall she sit endiadem'd in glorious majesty, as Vesuvius shall spout his fiery cataracts or the huge leviathan roam his native seas. Aye, that flag of stars and stripes, planted o'er Freedom's dome by those brave sons who bled on Bunker Hill, shall wave its majestic folds in the breeze of heaven, while yet life's feeblest spark shall give me strength for its protection—while beats the faintest throb within my breast! Believe me beloved fellow citizens—those rights which despots seek to wring from your fond grasp—in their defence I'll bid the world defiance. For them I'll suffer the extremity of endurance—wander in sheep skins and goat skins—yes if the awful necessity of the case should demand it, I'll—I'll—only for your sakes—for your sakes alone—I'll go to Congress next winter."

No doubt, dear reader, you are now willing, or even *anxious* to admit the superiority of the "pleasant sounds of life," since Forensic and Stump eloquence are on all hands admitted to consist chiefly in *sound*. This being the case, we do not deem it necessary to cite further particular instances in order to the elucidation of our subject; yet, students, there are two species of sound to which we are daily accustomed, whose nature is of such a peculiar character, as also the emotions they excite, that we deem it important that they should at least be mentioned. The first is that heard by us only at dawn. It does not resemble the crowing of the cock, nor yet the music of the spheres—it is altogether indescribable—more like the squealing of pigs in a storm, or the varied strains of a cat concert. The first time its note falls on the ear of the sleeper its effect is indeed surprising—he starts as though the concentrated power of a whole galvanic pile were discharged upon him; one moment fast locked in the embrace of Somnus—the next, having leaped from his couch, he stands horror-struck at the sound. This is his *first ex-*

perience. In a few mornings, that sound, so terrible before, becomes so soothing and so sweet that, like a soporific drug, it serves but to chain more strongly every sense, and send the charmed sleeper revelling in new dreamy fancies. This is his second, his third, his *ordinary* experience. Student, you know full well the sound—'tis that of the *rouser bell*.

The next we *will* but mention, we *need* but mention. Of all those sounds, not only which we have enumerated, but all, whether in nature or in art, from the grand music of the skies, when, in the distance far, the muttering thunder rolls, or in the zenith echoes loud its peal, to the gentlest whisper of the breeze; from the loud blast of Handel's orchestra, to the soft persuasive tones of the jews-harp, what, O student! has such delight for thee, what awakens such lively emotions, what excites you to move with such alacrity, as the sound of the *supper bell*? Of all the *βίον ρίπτεισσι ἀνάσσει*, this surely is *ἀνάσσει ρίπτεισσι*.

S. K. L.

EDITORS' TABLE,

AND

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A great many scientific and unscientific attempts have been made to classify the human family. Some of these have been founded upon the distinctions of race, some upon difference of occupation, and others upon characteristics of mind. Cuvier, with the nonchalance of a husbandman separating wheat from tares, marshals us in three great ranks. The Lynn cordwainer divided mankind into two classes—first, those who were shoemakers—second, those who were not shoemakers. Time would fail and the readers would *wax* impatient, did we state *all*

our objections to this classification, although it is the *last* of which we have heard. The *sole* one we shall mention is, that the two divisions are too unequal. The shoemaking class constitute a very small, and as the German student's song has it, "leathery" minority. We prefer, of course, our own classification, and regard mankind as composed of two great tribes—first, those who subscribe to the Nassau Monthly—second, those who do *not* subscribe. We further believe, although the learned may hesitate before they adopt our opinion, that these two tribes are scripturally represented by sheep and goats. We know, and alas! our printer knows too well, how many of the human family are subscribers. Upon the remainder we had meditated making a sudden descent, but the incendiary Miller alarmed us. We will wait and see whether the world survive. If it does not, why the printer must do as poor Sheridan told one of his creditors to do, "wait till doomsday in the afternoon." If it do survive, the non-subscribing part of the world must await the proposals we shall soon make to them, which we promise now will be as solid as *specie-ous*.

It may not be generally known that there is a certain class of College writers, who, either from the frequent rejection of their articles, or from an innate humility of disposition, are fully satisfied if their humble attempts meet with even a stray notice from the pen of the Editorial Censor, who confers upon them an infamous immortality in the "Notices."

We never fail to find such contributions in our "pigeon hole." They come as regularly (but not half so pleasantly,) as sun-shine in summer. There is an impudent look about them *externally*, which at once declares their inner character, and they are, generally speaking, like the Irishman's love letter, "sealed with a wafer." We regard

them as the mud and rotted sea-weed which the stream of our contributions tosses up.

We have heard such contributors assert, ere now, that their only object was, to *bore* the Editors! Heaven help them! If *trash* could bore us, we had all been dead long ago. Of such a character is an article, now before us, written on a half sheet of paper, entitled a "Cometary Comparison." As the "*getters up*" of this affair could never have seriously supposed that it would be inserted, we have benevolently determined to disappoint *them* and astonish others by printing a portion. It is a severe emetic, and must be administered in very small doses.

"MAN is a Comet—a wandering Star. The eccentricity of his orbit is his distinctive characteristic. One while he blazes among the planets of the solar system, flashes by this terraqueous orb, sweeps in his fiery course about the sun, renewing as he goes his eternal fires, then darts into the boundless regions of untravelled space in the quickness of imagination, to course among the far-off twinkling luminaries which dot the cerulean expanse which, like a tabernacle, envelops this sublunary globe and its satellite." My dear friend, are you *moon-struck*? All men are not stars. Some *can't shine*.

We have received a complete set of the North Carolina University Magazine. Many of its articles are written in that lively, piquant style, which is seldom met with in College publications.

Its leader, "The Address of J. B. Sheppard to the two Literary Societies of the University," is admirable. An article on Phrenology is remarkably *common-sensible*, while an amusing analysis of the College Loafer—that most sociable of all animals—proves that even in the sunny South they are not exempt from an annoyance which has for years troubled the Northern Students. In

short, there is a manifest improvement in this Magazine, which we would fain point out to all who assert that such publications are of no benefit to a College. We congratulate its Editors on having dropped the "quotation system." We have seen this tried before in divers Northern periodicals, but never with success. It has too much the air of *fitting up*, to please ordinary readers.

We would also acknowledge the receipt of the Williams Monthly Miscellany. Its ornithological contributions are excellent, while we do not exaggerate in saying that one tale in the September number—we mean "THE BELLOWS MENDER OF PARIS"—written somewhat in the style of Charles Nodier, would not have disgraced that great romancer himself.

"*Mais revenons a nos moutons.*"—(Which a friend informs us, is a French expression, used on resuming a disagreeable subject.) "Let us go back to our *sheep*," as the Arcadians used to say.

The Author of a "COON HUNT," would do well to confine himself, for the future, to that species of amusement. He may become, like *Ramrod*, a mighty hunter, but never a poet. If he wants to lodge an article in the Monthly he must elevate the range of his *piece*.

We congratulate THERMOPYLÆ, on having at last produced a printworthy article. He writes on a *whole* sheet of paper this time, with diluted *black* ink, and has made several very desperate attempts to amend his cacography. In this however, he fails. Here it is altogether.

THE CONFESSION.

It is not that she bade me go,
And said I'd better stop my calling,
It is not that she answered "No,"
As loud as could be, short of bawling.

It was not that she slammed the door
And set the nasty lap-dog on me;
Oh no!—a greater, keener grief—
Weighs down my heart and preys upon me.

I cannot bear to see her go
And promenade with various fellows,
I cannot bear to see her walk
On rainy days 'neath *their* umbrellas;
To see such things a going on
Excites my virtuous indignation,
It makes me swear—as one might say
In vulgar phrase—"like all creation."

To see her seated in a chair,
With half a dozen fops about her
And hear that fool, Augustus, swear
He can't exist a day without her;
'Tis this which makes my withered hopes
Fall thick and fast like leaves in Autumn,
And causes my poor heart to beat
Like a young bear's when dogs have caught him.

Enough—Enough—I've lost the maid,
My mind is bordering on distraction;
Yes, yes, I'll leave this classic shade,
And seek a wider field of action,
For in the distant Texan land,
In war's proud ranks I'll seek for glory,
And then, perhaps in later years,
My name will sound in verse and story.

And if—oh cruel Marianne,
You hear them tell about a stranger,
Who wore the lone star on his crest
And never cared a cent for danger,
Perhaps you'll proudly look around
And with a sigh of sympathy,
Exclaim to all your wondering friends
"That brave young man once courted me."

THEMOPYLE.

The gentleman who sent us a piece of very blank verse, spattered over with blots, "like the streaks on the side of a mackerel," is informed that his request, made with all the grace of Paul Pry, to destroy it if it was not accepted, is joyfully complied with.

There remains in our pigeon-hole a mass of sweepings with which we can do nothing better than get a little wood and dedicate them to the husband of Venus. Our quasi-contributors must not suppose that we take pleasure in tormenting them. If they be men of real talent, these cold criticisms will only stimulate them to other and greater efforts. Autumn, who is now stripping our forests and fields of their glory, cannot triumph over all the seasons of the year. The reviving breath of spring, and the quickenings of the summer sun, will again cover the earth with

“The glory of the grass and splendour of the flower.”

Genius is that sun and that warm breath. If the critic blast the first buds, it will in due season cause fairer beauties to spring forth.